

Good Morning 261

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Quick on the draw—

these lotteries are

legal

By Alex DILKE

THE ROYAL MINT

RECRUITS for the coal mines are now being chosen by a lottery, the "draw" being made in secret in the Ministry of Labour by one of the employees under the supervision of Mr. Bevin.

Lotteries are illegal in Britain, but it seems hardly likely that Mr. Morrison will send police from Scotland Yard across the way to "raid" the coal mine draw.

If he did, he would have to follow it up with raids on the Bank of England and the House of Commons.

Both these highly respectable institutions regularly hold lotteries, which are forbidden to church bazaars. And the prizes for some of these legal lotteries are more than money can buy.

The annual lottery at the Bank of England offers "prizes" of about £4,000,000 to Victory Bond holders. The lottery arose out of the issue of Victory Bonds in 1919 at a price of £85 for a bond nominally worth £100.

The bonds pay 4 per cent. interest and every year a certain number are drawn for repayment at £100, the owner thus getting a £15 premium on his investment.

About £360,000,000 worth of these bonds were issued, the gamble proving very attractive to the British public at a time when four years of hard saving had made them rather unresponsive to ordinary appeals.

But the lottery has not

"Don't get your feet wet"—A.B.

PACKING up loaves of bread in the shop where she works in Coventry Road, Birmingham, your sister Hazel laughed and told us, "Good old Bernard. Tell him not to get his feet wet. Send him all my love."

Hazel is doing well in the Junior Air Corps, and hopes soon to get a stripe.

We went to Oakley Road to see your mother. She is well and sends her love. She says that your brother Leslie, in the R.A.F., came home a short time ago, and she has had a letter from Norman in Canada. Harold was also home recently on seven days' leave, and Jack, in the R.A.O.C., is often home.

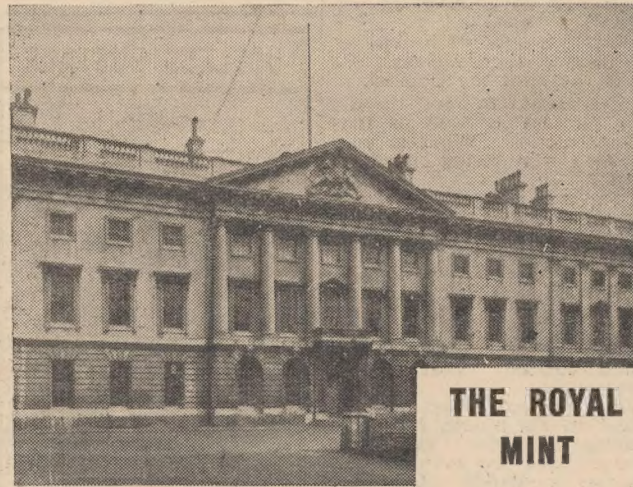
Bob, the old dog, started barking when I arrived. Your mother says he's getting old and fidgety.

Have you received a parcel from your mother recently?

By the way, Bernard, we don't believe you have told your mother that you are now in the Submarines. We somehow think you are keeping it a secret so you won't worry her. We don't think that we "let the cat out of the bag" when we talked to her. But Hazel told us that Mum does not yet know.

But don't forget that recently you made Mum an extra allowance, and she is wondering how you managed to do it.

We know you don't want to worry your dear mother, and we can well understand it, after listening for an hour



worked out as expected. Today, the last thing any owner of a bond wants is to have it drawn and repaid at £100.

The reason is that he can sell his bond in the open market of the Stock Exchange for £113-114, so that drawing a "lucky number" means he loses £13!

Owners insure against drawing a "prize."

The reason for this is that while in 1919 4 per cent. interest was comparatively modest for a Government security, today it is high, for the Government is able to get plenty of money at 2½ per cent. Therefore, a bond paying 4 per cent. commands a premium over the nominal value.

The draw at the Bank of England is made by the cashier, the system being the usual slips of paper carrying numbers. The results giving the

winners—or, perhaps more correctly, the losers!—are officially published.

This is only one of many bond lotteries drawn in London.

China, Egypt, Central America, and other places, have issued bonds which are regularly drawn for redemption.

The most recent entrant into the field is India, the object being to collect the surplus spending power in that country.

Since there are no currency restrictions, presumably British investors will be entitled to join in this flutter, and thus satisfy the craving which the law denies them at club sweepstakes on the big races!

SIGN OF THE TIMES.

All this drawing is, of course, conducted in a most respectably atmosphere, and anyone seeing the results in the advertisement columns of the "Times" would hardly guess they were looking at the results of something that is a lottery in everything but name!

Complete fairness is ensured, and the draw is always in the presence of a lawyer.

The popularity of lotteries for foreign bonds is now waning among investors. So many of these bonds became purchasable in the open market at a price below par, that the issuing authorities began to make them repayable "by drawing or (compulsory) purchase."



to all the nice things she had to say about you.

Meantime, all's well at home. Mum sends her special love to you. Good Hunting!

Bernard Fellows

I GET AROUND

Ron Richards'

COLUMN

BAAS! I'VE TALKIN' PUREST BASIC.

THE PRINCE has been caught again, and, as usual, he got hoarse talking his way out of it.

In the Marlborough Street Police Court Prince Monolulu was charged with having used obscene English in Hyde Park, and he rolled his eyes whitely in his big black face.

He held his wishbone in one hand and his rabbit's paw in his other; his cloak of silver and scarlet was covered by a long, dark coat, and his feathered head-dress was distressed.

IN Ascot tones he denied having used naughty words to a large crowd the previous day, and insisted that his language was "just basic English."

The opposing constable disagreed and proceeded to read from his notebook some choice extracts from the Prince's oration.

These included an alleged conversation between Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt.

The constable ended: "He then appealed to the crowd to sing, saying 'Sing, you so-and-so's, sing!' Several persons took exception to the remarks and jokes made by the prisoner, and I then took the prisoner into custody."

MR. HEDLEY was the representative of justice, and he looked at the policeman, saying: "Was he merely talking this sort of thing, or did he have any topic?"



"Yes, sir, his theme was mainly about the war, but the majority of his remarks were rude jokes."

Prince Monolulu was very ready to bombard. He opened his lips as if to announce that he had got a horse, and said in a swift roar, "Didn't the crowd enjoy it? Didn't the soldiers like it? Didn't the airmen cheer? Wasn't I talking in basic English?"

The constable did his best in reply to the rain of questions. "Some of the people enjoyed it," he said.

"I speak in basic English, not in vulgar English!" cried Monolulu. "Didn't I put up the American flag and sing 'Swanee River' to make the Americans happy? Don't you think it's work of national importance to speak in basic English?"

THE PRINCE pointed his wishbone and his rabbit's foot at Mr. Hedley.

"Your worship," he said, "I'm doing my best to win the war. Isn't it helping to win the war if I speak basic English? Is basic English bad English?"

"You're not charged with using bad English," remarked Mr. Hedley. "The constable says you used obscene English." "I don't know the differ-

ence," roared Prince Monolulu. "I'm not educated, like my worthy friend over there in the witness-box. The soldiers asked me to make them laugh. The people want to sing. I put



the flags up of every nation, from Belgium to Abyssinia, and then the police say 'Come, and I have to go. So here I am today, and I wish you a Happy New Year.'

BUT Mr. Hedley did not appear to be touched by those good wishes, though Prince Monolulu was unabashed. "I get the biggest audience in the park," he claimed. "I close the Salvation Army when I go there. I close everybody. I get commanding generals round me. Why shouldn't I tell the girls to say 'sugar daddy' to the Americans. Why shouldn't I talk basic English? Isn't it winning the war?"

Mr. Hedley addressed the prisoner again. "You promised me last time that you wouldn't go into the park again, because you couldn't resist this sort of thing when you got there," he said. "And I think I said I'd fine you more if you came here again. However, there's been a fair interval. Pay forty shillings again."

"God bless you, my lord!" roared Prince Monolulu, showing his teeth in a big white grin.

I LIKE to read small-town newspapers—the advertisements amuse me.

Take the "South Devon Gazette," for instance, in which readers are advised in the Salcombe picture house space that seats for the show may be booked in the garage!

In the same paper a London wine merchant advertises "various cocktail types, Vermouth and sherry." That, when such commodities in the capital are almost unobtainable, is not, perhaps, so amusing.

People seem to be constantly thanking people in the papers, too. Such personal messages as "Mrs. Brown thanks her good friend Mrs. Smith for taking care of her cat for the Easter holiday," are frequent—almost fashionable, in fact.

Of course, N.A.A.F.I. advertisements for full-time canteen workers can never be missed.

CHLORINDA FELTON has written "The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward." In it, she says:—

"I'm returning this cheese you sent me," said the angry Mrs. Hemans, "together with this snail."

"Why the snail?" asked the unwary manager.

"On the long winter evenings," said Mrs. Hemans, "you can make them run races. I back the cheese."

Ron Richards

What sort of den is this?

THERE were no formidable obstacles to pass. The outer door stood open; the door of the cabinet was ajar; and there, in a small but very high apartment, the young man left them once more.

Voices were audible in the cabinet through the folding doors which formed one end, and now and then the noise of a champagne cork, followed by a burst of laughter, intervened among the sounds of conversation.

A single tall window looked out upon the river and the embankment; and by the disposition of the lights they judged themselves not far from Charing Cross Station.

The furniture was scanty, and the coverings worn to the thread; and there was nothing movable except a hand-bell in the centre of a round table, and the hats and coats of a considerable party hung round the wall on pegs.

"What sort of a den is this?" said Geraldine.

"That is what I have come to see," replied the Prince. "If they keep live devils on the premises the thing may grow amusing."

Just then the folding door was opened no more than was necessary for the passage of a human body, and there entered at the same moment a louder buzz of talk, and the redoubtable President of the Suicide Club. The President was a man of fifty upwards; large and rambling in his gait, with shaggy

THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE CREAM TARTS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Part III

side-whiskers, a bald top to his head, and a veiled grey eye, which now and then emitted a twinkle.

His mouth, which embraced a large cigar, he kept continually screwing round and round and from side to side, as he looked sagaciously and coldly at the strangers. He was dressed in light tweeds, with his neck very open in a striped shirt collar, and carried a minute book under one arm.

"Good evening," said he, after he had closed the door behind him. "I am told you wish to speak with me."

"We have a desire, sir, to join the Suicide Club," replied the Colonel.

The President rolled his cigar about his mouth.

"What is that?" he said abruptly.

"Pardon me," returned the Colonel, "but I believe you are the person best qualified to give us information on that point."

"I?" cried the President. "A Suicide Club? Come, come! This is a frolic for All Fools' Day. I can make allowance for gentlemen who get merry in their liquor; but let there be an end to this. You have made a mistake. This is a private house, and you must leave it instantly."

The Prince had remained quietly in his seat throughout this little colloquy, but now he drew his cheroot from his mouth and spoke:—

"I have come here," said he, "upon the invitation of a friend of yours. He has doubtless informed you of my intention in thus intruding on your party. Let me remind you that a person in my circumstances has exceedingly little to bind him, and is not at all likely to tolerate much rudeness. I am a very quiet man, as a usual thing, but, my dear sir, you are either going to oblige me in the little matter of which you are aware, or you shall very bitterly repent that you ever admitted me to your ante-chamber."

The President laughed aloud. "That is the way to speak," said he. "You are a man who is a man. You know the way to my heart, and can do what

you like with me. Will you," he continued, addressing Geraldine, "will you step aside for a few minutes? I shall finish first with your companion, and some of the club's formalities require to be fulfilled in private."

With these words he opened the door of a small closet, into which he shut the Colonel.

"I believe in you," he said to Florizel as soon as they were alone. "What is your reason for being tired of life?"

"The same, as near as I can make out," answered the Prince, "unadulterated laziness."

The President started. "D—n it," said he, "you must have something better than that."

"I have no more money," added Florizel. "That is also a vexation."

The President rolled his cigar round in his mouth for some seconds, directing his gaze straight into the eyes of this unusual neophyte, but the Prince supported his scrutiny with unabashed good temper.

"If I had not a deal of experience," said the President at last, "I should turn you off. But I know the world, and when I downright like a man, as I do you, sir, I would rather strain the regulation than deny him."

The Prince and the Colonel, one after the other, were subjected to a long and particu-

lar interrogatory. The result was satisfactory, and the President, after having booked a few details of each case, produced a form of oath to be accepted.

from one to another he kept both his eyes and ears open, and soon began to gain a general idea of the people among whom he found himself.

Few were much above thirty, and not a few were still in their teens. As each new bottle of champagne was opened there was a manifest improvement in gaiety.

Only two were seated—one in a chair in the recess of the window, with his head hanging and his hands plunged deep into his trouser pockets, pale, visibly moist with perspiration, saying never a word, a very wreck of soul and body; the other sat on the divan close by the chimney, and attracted notice by a trenchant dissimilarity from all the rest.

He was probably upwards of forty, but he looked fully ten years older; and Florizel thought he had never seen a man more naturally hideous, nor one more ravaged by disease and ruinous excitements.

He was no more than skin and bone, was partly paralysed, and wore spectacles of such unusual power that his eyes appeared through the glasses greatly magnified and distorted in shape. Except the Prince and the President, he was the only person in the room who preserved the composure of ordinary life.

There was little decency among the members of the club. Some boasted of the disgraceful actions, the consequences of which had reduced them to seek refuge in death; and the others listened without disapproval.

There was a tacit understanding against moral judgments; and whoever passed the club doors enjoyed already some of the immunities of the tomb. They drank to each other's memories and to those of notable suicides in the past.

They compared and developed their different views of death—some declaring that it was no more than blackness and cessation; others full of a hope that that very night they should be scaling the stars and commercing with the mighty dead.

In the meanwhile, Colonel Geraldine was a prey to the blackest apprehensions; the club and its rules were still a mystery, and he looked round the room for someone who should be able to set his mind at rest.

(To be continued)

USELESS EUSTACE



"If you're doing nothing on Christmas Eve, pop round, Joe!"

Florizel signed the document, but not without a shudder; the Colonel followed his example with an air of great depression. Then the President received the entry money, and without more ado introduced the two friends into the smoking-room of the Suicide Club.

The smoking-room of the Suicide Club was the same height as the cabinet into which it opened, but much larger, and papered from top to bottom with an imitation of oak wainscot. A large and cheerful fire and a number of gas-jets illuminated the company.

The Prince and his follower made the number up to eighteen. Most of the party were smoking, and drinking champagne; a feverish hilarity reigned, with sudden and rather ghastly pauses.

"By the way," said the President, "if you have any money it is usual to offer some champagne. It keeps up a good spirit, and is one of my own little perquisites."

"Hammersmith," said Florizel, "I may leave the champagne to you."

And with that he turned away and began to go round among the guests. As he went

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 260: Tea Leaves.

WANGLING WORDS—216

- Put a limb in YOUTH and make an East Coast town.
- Rearrange the letters of BEAR SANK to make a State in U.S.A.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: FAIL into PASS, KING into ACES, KEEP into PEEK.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ALTERNATIVE?

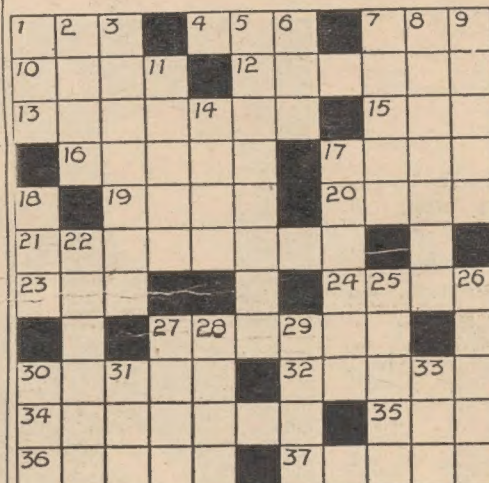
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 215

- Winchester.
- WORDSWORTH.
- PINS, PENS, PEAS, SEAS, SEAT, SLAT, SLAP, SNAP, SNIP.
- MAIN, MAID, LAID, LAND, LEND, SEND, SEED, SEER, SEAR, STAR, STAY.
- FARE, PARE, PALE, POLE, POLL, TOLL, TOIL, FOIL, FAIL, FAIR.
- WITCH, WINCH, WINCE, SINCE, SINGE, SINGS, SINKS, LINKS, LINES, TINES, TONES, TONGS.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS

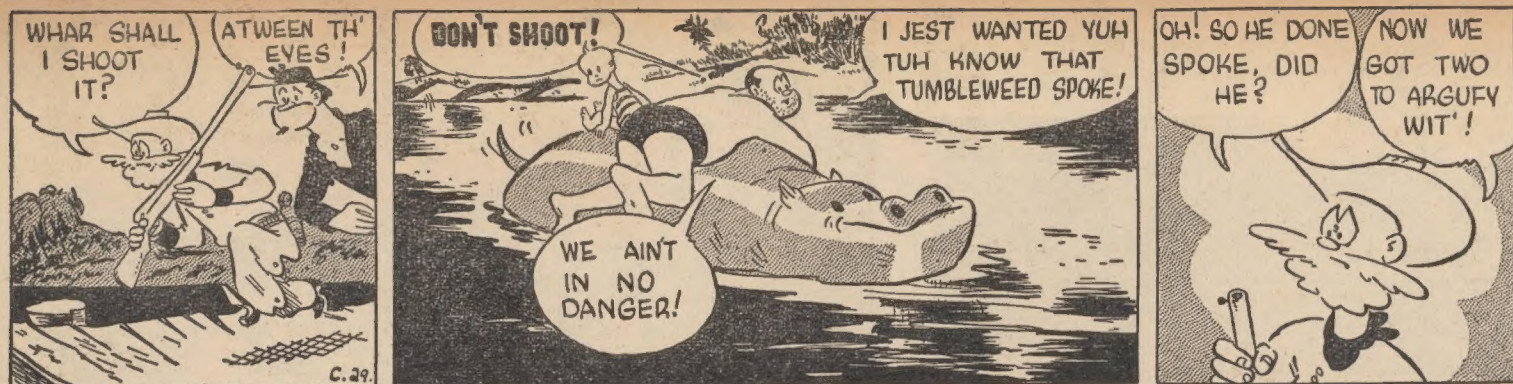
- Newt.
- Lout.
- Poke.
- Gibe.
- Go away.
- Painted like wood.
- Equip.
- Messenger.
- Spinning machine.
- Domestic mineral.
- Fail to do.
- Bleached.
- Have a meal.
- At any time.
- Unwilling.
- Thick rope.
- School book.
- Joining.
- Colour.
- Loaf of bread.
- Penetrate.

CLUES DOWN

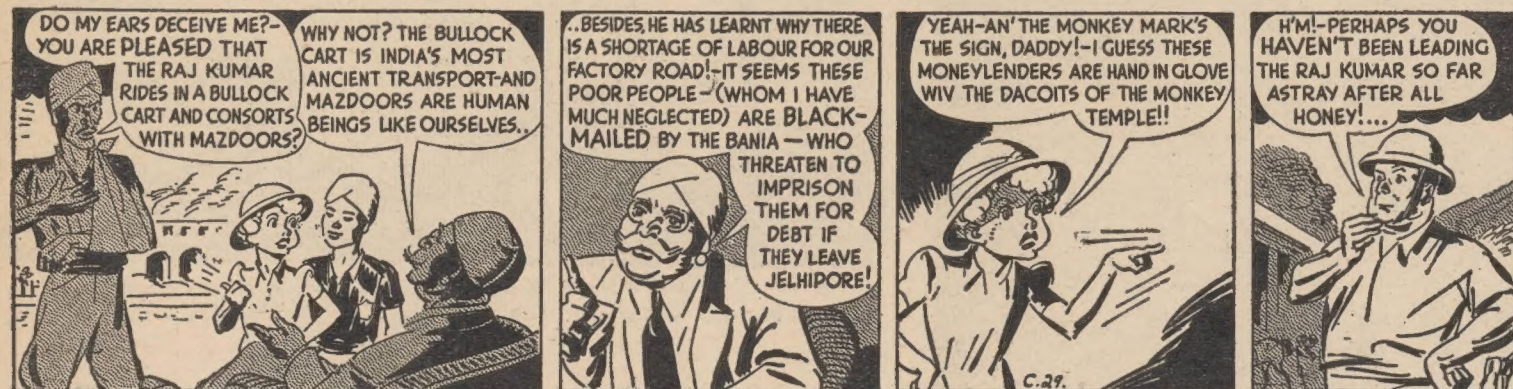
- Urge.
- Fervour.
- Being conveyed.
- Suspension.
- Nourished.
- Drinking-bowl.
- Coal-tar product.
- Give rise to.
- Dislodged turf.
- Knob.
- Retiring.
- Sheep.
- Cigar.
- 25 S.
- African grassland.
- 26 Front of stair.
- 27 Choir member.
- 28 Rib of leaf.
- 29 Storm.
- 30 Young animal.
- 31 Boring device.
- 33 Always.

SLANT BEDEN
PORE MAXIMA
ROTATOR LUG
IF PAD CASE
GAP REBUT S
HOPE APES
C POSER DIM
ARUM VOW LA
PAL MINIVER
ENAMEL LINK
STRAW KEATS

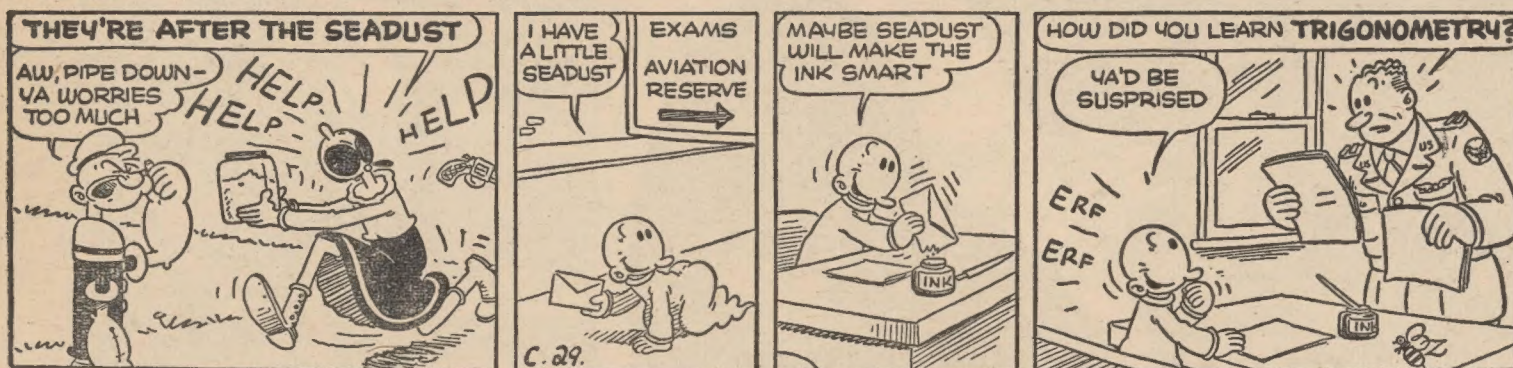
JAZZBUB JONES



BELINDA



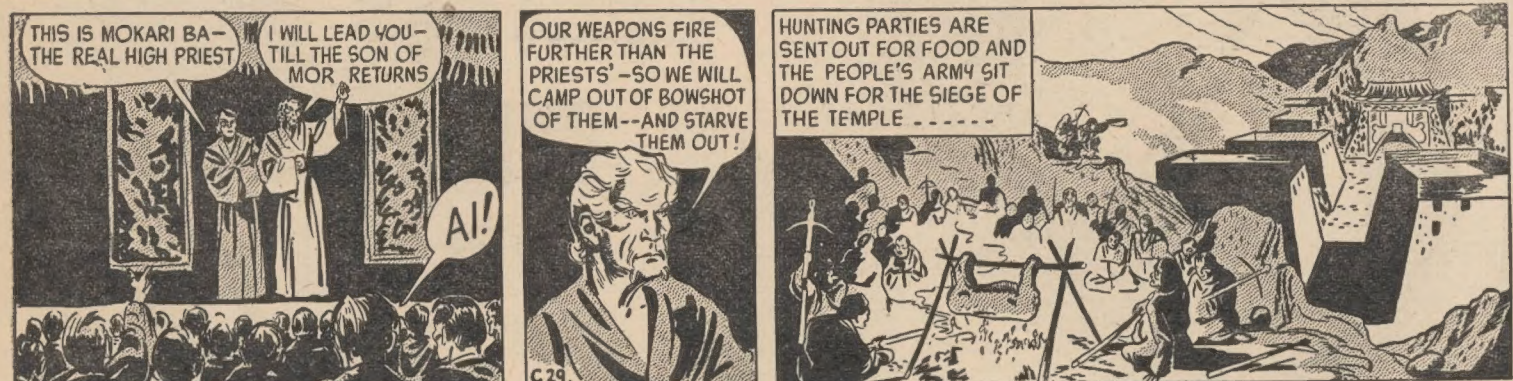
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



WE'VE talked a lot about achievements of submarines and the subsequent marking up on the Jolly Roger. Have you ever thought where the idea originated? This is Admiralty-stamped data:

The submarine custom of displaying the Jolly Roger on returning from a successful patrol was originated early in the present war by Captain S. M. Raw, C.B.E., R.N., then Captain of the First Submarine Flotilla at Alexandria. H.M. Submarine "Osiris" had carried out two notable patrols in the Adriatic while based on Malta, and Captain Raw wished to signalise her rejoining the First Flotilla at Alexandria with some special mark of recognition.

He instructed his Chief Yeoman to make a Jolly Roger, and when the returning "Osiris" came within range of the signal lamp, Captain Raw, flashing a welcome signal, added: "Special recognition signal in sealed package marked 'J.R.' to be opened by Commanding Officer only, is being sent out to you in my motor-boat. It will meet you at the boom. 'Osiris' is not to come alongside unless this identity signal is showing."

On receipt of the package the Captain of "Osiris" hauled down one of the White Ensigns which his submarine was flying and hoisted the Jolly Roger. Captain Raw then decided to give each submarine in his flotilla a Jolly Roger as soon as it had achieved a success. No submarine was entitled to fly the success flag until it had been given one by the Captain of the Flotilla; thereafter it became the property of the submarine.



The Jolly Roger of H.M. Submarine "Utmost"

A SUBMARINE returning from patrol is allowed to hoist the Jolly Roger only if it has achieved a success on that patrol. It is hoisted when the submarine reaches the boom and is flown until sunset; it is not hoisted again until the next patrol.

There was an isolated instance of a British submarine displaying the Jolly Roger in the last war. H.M. Submarine E9 hoisted the Jolly Roger after sinking the German cruiser "Hela" off Heligoland in September, 1914. E9 was then commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Horton.

H.M. SUBMARINE "TRIDENT," home after completing the last lap of a 26,000-mile cruise in a year, is reported to have sunk or severely damaged 60,000 tons of enemy shipping.

In 1942, while under the command of Commander G. M. Sladen, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., she damaged the German cruiser "Prinz Eugen." For a considerable part of the commission all her executive officers but one wore wavy stripes. The exception was the commanding officer, Lieut. P. E. Newstead, R.N.

The first lieutenant was a lawyer, the third an Australian medical student, and the fourth a metallurgical chemist.

Ron Richards

Solution to Musical Instruments Puzzle in No. 260.

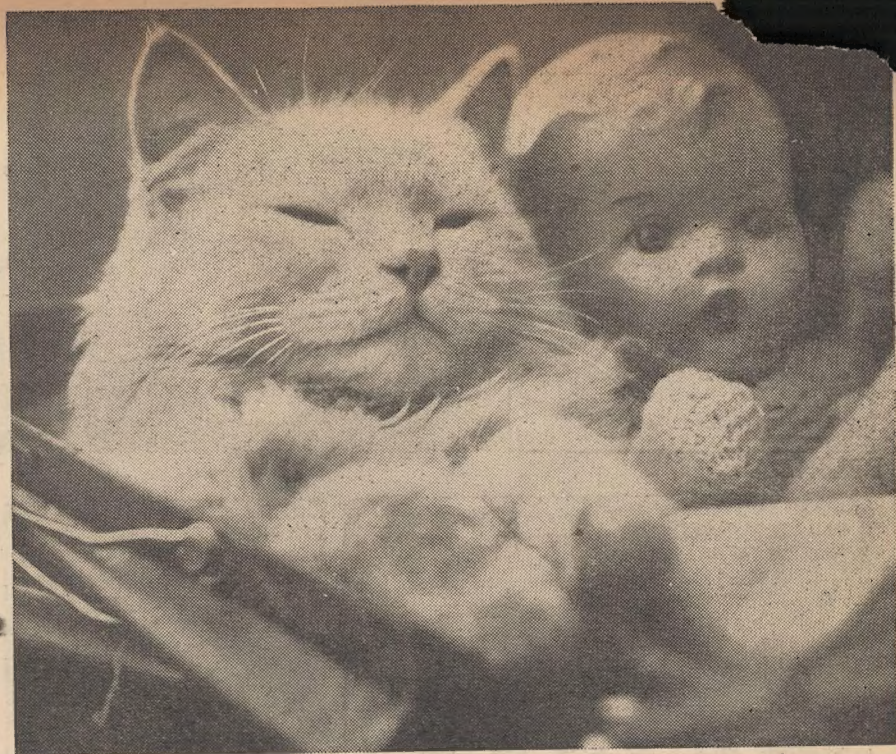
FLUTE
CORNET
TRUMPET
TROMBONE
CLARINET
TRIANGLE
BASSOON
GUITAR
ORGAN

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

This Wales

Aberglassyn Pass, one of the most popular beauty spots of North Wales. Thanks to the National Trust it's beauty will never be lost.



Have you ever seen a cat register the solemn dignity of an auspicious occasion, like this one? Even the doll looks utterly amazed.



"Say, sister, will you please blow the other way, there's an awful breeze on my wet spine."

Betty Hutton in Paramount's hilarious new comedy "Let's Face It." Looks as though you chaps have to face it too.



"Might just as well start right away digesting all I can about this yachting business."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

